

## PETRA

I don't mind  
no longer having  
that picture of you,  
the one you sent me  
with a saucy note:  
tantalizing buttocks  
smiling at my eyes,  
eyes you were seeing  
even as you mailed it  
(I know this because  
the photo told me so,  
and kept on telling me  
whenever I beheld it).  
I put it in my archive  
without making a copy.  
Yes, there are those  
I took of you—  
bum cheeks, cunt,  
anus I so adored;  
and of your face:  
patient, pensive,  
quietly lusting.  
Photos or no,  
images of you  
remain in focus,  
with the feel of you  
massaging my memory.  
Oh how I want you now,  
how I yearn for you again!  
The whore who back then,  
when I was just another john  
blown your way by the chill night air,  
began what became an affair of sorts  
by pulling me close  
holding me tight  
pressing your lips to my mouth  
and French kissing me for ages.  
"Do what you want with me," you said,  
"and give me no more than you can afford."  
Years later, when we met by chance  
and hurried to sleep together,  
you said it was an insult  
to offer you money.  
While later still  
my girlfriend was outraged

that time you came to visit  
stripped  
perched on the bed  
and gave yourself to me  
not only with her watching  
but also a covey of friends  
wide-eyed and envious  
(especially the women there  
were hungry for your body)

That was our last fuck,  
possibly our best fuck;  
after which my girlfriend  
loved me a whole lot more.

Yet it was you I was loving,  
as I am loving you today.  
Click! Another photo  
for the scrapbook in my loins.

EDDIE WOODS

